

Wolfhound Rebellion

Prologue: Jonathan

(Revision 1)

by Joseph Estril

After our mother died,
we were sent to live with my
paternal grandfather, for
who I am named, Jonathan
Jameson. He took me and
my brother in, shipping us

halfway around the world,
from the dry desert, to the
rainy bogs of Ireland. We
never saw Dublin in the East
or Belfast in the North.
Grandfather brought us to

Bandon, Cork County,
Ireland, I was fifteen when
me and Jacob, then thirteen,
made the move. I started
eleventh grade at St. Brogan
High School, I graduated

the following year and was
gone from that bleeding
country before a full accent
could settle in. Back to
where I once belong.

One of the first new

people I met was Will.

William Killigan, an old

“friend” of my

grandfather's, came to

America to get away from

the likes of my grandfather.

So already, a point of
similarity. Will gave me a
job serving coffee in his
bookstore. I watched people
I'm pretty sure I was smarter
than go to university while I

sold Quinto-Venti lattes to
neurotic genius students and
the vapid barbies and kens
who came only to seek my
discreet services.

Although what I would

do isn't prostitution, I would
often feel like a whore as I
would write their term
papers, essays and perform
other forms of educational
fraud. All to pay for my

bottom rung community
college tuition. A lot of
people who do this make
thousands per paper; I
already felt like shit, I didn't
need to add more evil to the

deed. I also would never do
papers for pre-med or med
students, I don't want to find
out I have cancer from a
former client.

Will eventually found out

about my “Side Job,” he
offered me a raise if I
stopped and threatened me
with termination and
possible prosecution if I
continued. Carrots and

Sticks.

“Jonny” he said in a
thick Irish accent, “you have
to stop this. I don't care
how, just stop it.”

I came up with a genius

way to burn the bridges. I

wrote, “this paper is

fraudulent. Report this

student for academic

misconduct or something.”

three paragraphs in. none of

the customers caught it, and

I know of one Psych

Professor didn't catch it

either, as the next week I

still got two customers came

in for another paper for Dr.

Heinlein-Gorschman, I

simply sent them away.

When the hipsters started
coming in to buy books
ironically(as I am convinced
none of them would or

could actually read half the
books they bought),
business started to pick up.

Will, with my infinite
gratitude, hired Sera to help
him in the bookstore area.

Or at least in retrospect,
when I first met her I saw
her more as an annoyance,
half her paycheck was spent
at the coffee counter. I had
this good thing going of

having almost nothing to do
all day, especially when I
stopped writing papers for
money, and then multiple
times an hour she was over
ordering some Caramel-

chocolate espresso

milkshake like beverage.

Her habit became a
method of measuring time
for me, two coffees was
enough time to heat a frozen

pizza in the toaster oven. I
was able to predict when
she would want another, so
eventually I got it down to
just a habit of making her
coffee, which even carried

on into days she would take
off, meaning I had three
options; give away, pour, or
drink her milkshake. I'd
drink it up, Because it
would be a waste of caffeine

to pour, and rarely was
anyone just sitting there to
take it.

Sera worked there from
her Senior year of High
School until she earned her

Information Science

Degree. She became an

“assistant librarian” at the

Local Library, the ironically

named art museum across

the street that has in total, 4

books. All of which were
Nailed to a Cross to make a
Political Statement about
how America Crucifies it's
most creative minds. Which
is dumb, as two of the

books are by British

Authors; *1984* by George

Orwell and *Harry Potter*

and the Glass Menagerie(or

something like that) by J K

Rowling. She still seems to

come over to buy coffee
multiple times an hour, but
more to get away from her
snobby art co-workers. She
worked there for a month
and then joined a real

library.

This signaled a change in her personality, she became less child like, and more like a real woman. Of course, as this was

happening, I became more
like a child, developing a
crush on the very mature
teacher. I gave her a gift to
congratulate her on the new
job, a dog-eared copy of

Cat's Cradle, my own
personal copy. She gave me
a kiss.

We eventually had a date,
and then another, and
another, and then sex, and

unscheduled hang out non-
dates, and trips out of town,
and grocery shopping, and
dinner with her family.

Somewhere along the way
she moved in with me.

Basically, rather than
growing up or growing old
together, we became adults
together. Adulthood

Graduating Class of 2006.

She graduated

Valedictorian. I graduated
class clown.

William no longer owns
the bookstore for one very
simple reason. William K.
Killigan, on December 14th,

Twenty Ought Eight, passed
away in his home library.

His wife, the executor of his
estate, handed the keys to
the miniature castle to me.

She too was getting up in

years and “just didn't want
to deal with it.”

This is my Life, half
educated, increasingly
childish bookstore owner
with a beautiful girlfriend

and a borderline criminal

past. Time to open.